

# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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AUTUMN DAYS ON THE FARM.

*Courtesy of "Our Fourfooted Friends."*

*Photograph by T. E. M. & G. F. White.*

*We must do the thing we must  
Before the thing we may;  
We are not fit for any trust  
Till we can and do obey.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## When the Bright Leaves Fall.

I love the time when the bright leaves fall,  
When children sit on the old stone wall,  
Cracking and eating the sweet, new nuts,  
And throwing the shells in the roadside ruts.

The autumn days are the days for me.  
They may be short, but they're full of glee;  
And short days bring us the evenings long  
For reading and study, or mirth and song.

Delightful gifts have the autumn hours,—  
The brilliant vines and the showy flowers,  
The moonbeams witching, the noontides kind,  
The woodland treasures that ramblers find.

Something for gleaners in every field!  
And see what the vineyards and orchards  
yield!

The season whose charms shall my praise  
employ

Is the season that brings us the harvest joy.  
*L. S., in Normal Instructor.*

What is the origin of the phrase, "A little  
bird told me"?

Ecclesiastes x. 20: "For a bird of the air  
shall carry the voice, and that which hath  
wings shall tell the matter."

## How Horace and Kitty helped.

The New Neighbors had just moved in.  
Horace and Kitty Baker had been watching  
ever since the first load of goods came, and  
already were on smiling terms with Mrs.  
New Neighbor.

Suddenly she came out on the porch to  
speak to them, beckoning them to come  
across the lawn.

"You don't know, I suppose," she said, in  
a way that made them hope they did know,  
"whether there is any tin pedler or ragman  
who comes on the street to-day or even to-  
morrow? The house is just about filled with  
old papers and magazines that the people  
left when they moved away. I'm so dis-  
couraged!"



Horace and Kitty looked at each other, the same idea flashing into both their minds.

"If we only could!" breathed Kitty.

"We can," declared Horace with conviction, "we can if—would you be willing, please?"

The New Neighbor smiled pleasantly. "Dear me," she laughed, "I don't quite understand, I'm sure; but I should not be a bit surprised to find that I would be willing. Suppose, however, that you tell me what it is you want to do."

And then Horace and Kitty explained how all the boys and girls in the third grade were trying to earn money to buy a wheel-chair for Patsy Connors, who had hurt his back and could never walk again.

Most of the boys in Grade Three had paper routes, and all the children—all but themselves—were really earning some money.

They weren't, and they were so ashamed; but, if the New Neighbor would let them, they'd carry the papers all off for her, and—

"Bless you!" The lady nodded her approval of the plan. "If you have a cart, and if it isn't too far, and your parents are willing, I'm sure I'm willing."

"The paper-mill is over there," Horace said, pointing to a building a quarter of a mile away, "and we have got two carts."

"You'll need them," smiled Mrs. New Neighbor: "there must be five hundred pounds. Ask your mother about it first."

Fortunately for both the New Neighbor and the children, Mrs. Baker was willing her children should do as they had planned, and within a few minutes they were back, ready to begin work.

Such quantities of magazines as there were! Almost every closet in the house had papers of all kinds thrown into it, so that it was no wonder that the new occupant was discouraged as she tried to arrange things in her new home. At her suggestion, however, the children began to carry the papers out upon the back porch, where, in the sun, they next proceeded to sort them into small piles, each kind by itself; after which the stacks were securely tied, so that in case of an upset the packages could be easily returned to the little carts upon which they were to be transported to the paper-mill.

It was dark before the last magazines were sorted and tied, after which both the children went home for a good night's rest before they began their task of transportation.

The stacks of papers and magazines looked formidable when at seven o'clock next morning Horace and Kitty began work, but bravely they began to load their little wagons with the periodicals, and then marched slowly off to the factory.

It took twelve trips to carry all there was on that back porch, and when at last, just as the sun was setting, the manager at the mill handed the children two crisp bills in payment for their work, they were too tired even to look at the money, which of course was not very business-like. The manager, however, was decidedly business-like, so he had written out a complete statement regarding the goods which he had purchased of Horace and Kitty.

This is the way the statement looked:

THE HARTMAN PAPER COMPANY

To HORACE and KITTY BAKER, Dr.

To 9 cwt. magazines at \$0.80 . . . . .	\$7.20
4 " newspapers " .50 . . . . .	2.00
To neat packing of same . . . . .	.80
	<hr/> \$10.00

Received payment,

Ten dollars! Was ever anything quite so lovely? Really, wasn't it worth being tired

over, to earn so much toward buying poor Patsy's chair? Only it did seem as if they ought to pay Mrs. New Neighbor something for the papers, since of course she would have received as much as ten cents a hundred for them if she had sold them to a rag pedler. When they spoke of paying her, however, she shook her head and said of course she wouldn't take a cent of the money, and so when school opened again a few days later the two five dollar bills were handed over to the teacher to be added to the amount already on hand, while a week later Patsy had his chair—such a comfortable one!—the loving gift of the scholars of Grade Three, every single one of whom had worked hard to earn the money to buy it with.—*Bertha Burnham Bartlett, in Sunday School Times.*

### The Truly Brave.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy with self-control,  
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,  
And, though he may be big and strong,  
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong  
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who can forgive.  
And look as though he had not heard  
The mocking jest, the angry word;  
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,  
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy whose daily walk  
Is always honest, pure, and bright,  
Who cannot and who will not fight,  
But stands up boldly for the right,  
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who fears to sin,  
Who knows no other sort of fear,  
But strives to keep his conscience clear,  
Nor heeds his comrades' taunt or jeer  
If he hath peace within.

*Interior.*

*For The Beacon.*

### The Light in the Oak Tree.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

#### Chapter IV.

"Robinson?" repeated Ben, staring at the cheerful man. "That's the name of the folks at Burnt Oak Island. This isn't Burnt Oak Island."

"Never said 'twas," returned the cheerful man. "But it's Robinson's Corner and that's the next thing to it." He pointed to a small cluster of houses back among the trees. "Pretty much all of us here are relations to Jim Robinson at Burnt Oak. I'm his first cousin myself, and Mattie and Carl, they've been telephoning like smoke to know if you'd got along yet. So I told 'em I'd step down to the river and see. I took it into my head that I'd bring along a few things, in case victuals was getting scarce, same's they do sometimes on shipboard. If your pa wants to stay a few days and work for us at the village, why we'd be glad to have him. There's plenty of chairs waiting, and I know a number of folks that want new baskets."

They had a feast that night on board the "Bluebell," and they fared well during the days they stayed at Robinson's Corner. They found out a good deal about Burnt Oak Island, too, and about Mattie and Carl.

"They're about the size of you two," Jack Robinson told them. "And they're the only children Jim's got. There's lots of children on the island, though, for its size, enough so that they have a nice little school there when they can find a teacher. They're near enough to the main land so they can have telephones and their mail every day, and my cousin Jim keeps a store in the back of his kitchen."

"They'll all be highly tickled when you get there. And I'll warrant those young ones are out every night 'fore dark so as to be sure and get that light going in good season up in the oak tree."

When they sailed away from Robinson's Corner, they had a good supply of food on board the "Bluebell," and Father Willis had done all the basket work needed in the village.

"They gave me more than my work was worth, I'm afraid," he said, "but I couldn't get out of taking it, and perhaps I can make it up to them next year. It's a long time since I've fallen in with such good folks as the Robinsons."

"Look here, Annie," said Ben one morning, as they stood on the deck of the house-boat. "I believe we're coming out into the lake. Don't you see how different it looks?—kind of low and swampy, and in some places the water reaches right back into the land like a lagoon."

This was such an exciting idea that they did little all the rest of the forenoon but watch from the deck to see what was coming next.

Sure enough, about noon they sailed out into the waters of a beautiful lake, and the green shores on many islands began to close around them.

"See here, Ben, I believe you wanted a few Indians on this trip," said Father Willis, pointing to a wooded green island of perhaps forty acres. "Well, here's your chance. This is Indian Island, and the folks that live here are real redskins descended from the tribes that roamed the State in early days. They get their living by basket-making. I learned the trade of one of them after I got hurt."

Then he added, as he pushed the "Bluebell" up close to the bank, "Your mother and I are going ashore to buy some basket-stuff, and we'll leave you young ones to keep house."

Annie and Ben stole a glance at each other. With an island full of real redskins so near they were not at all sure that they liked to be left to "keep house."

"But of course they wouldn't leave us if there was a speck of danger," whispered Annie.

Father and Mother Willis stepped ashore and soon disappeared among the bushes, while the children stood on the deck to watch them go.

They watched for some sign of life on Indian Island, but it seemed very quiet.

"Most likely the settlement is over the other side of the island," said Ben. "Hello, what's up, Ted?"

Ted had begun hopping up and down on the deck, pointing his finger at something on the shore.

"Kitty, kittie-e," he cooed. "Come, kittie!"

A pretty white kitten had jumped out of the bushes and stood arching her back on the bank.

"It's an Indian cat, I expect," said Annie. "No, you can't have it, Ted."



When Ted's lips began to quiver, Annie thought of the caraway cookie her mother had left on the shelf if the child happened to get hungry. She ran to get it, and at the same time Ben took it into his head to go down and have a look at the engine.

A minute later they both came on deck and looked about.

"Where is he?" gasped Annie.

The white cat had disappeared, and so had Ted.

(To be continued.)

For The Beacon.

## The Shell's Story.

BY ELIZABETH L. STOCKING.

Pearl was a very happy little girl because she lived in a beautiful world where everything told her stories. One day, when her mother gave her a beautiful shell, she held it to her ear, saying, "I wish it would tell me a story." At once she heard a roaring like the waves of the big ocean.

"It is trying to tell me about the ocean where it came from," she thought.

She listened very closely, and, sure enough, pretty soon she began to make out words, and this is what the shell told her:

"I was the shell of a soft, beautifully colored animal, and lived in the great blue Indian Ocean. I had only one foot, but that was a large one, and I could walk very nicely with it.

"About me grew ocean plants, some as tall as great land trees and others very tiny and delicate. There were pretty branched coral reefs, too, filled with millions of little living creatures. When I was hungry, I ate some of the coral animals; but there were always plenty left to build the coral reefs which kept growing, growing, day by day, and month by month, towards the surface of the water. I was very happy in my ocean home.

"One day when I had just eaten my dinner, and was having a nice little gossip with another shell animal, I felt a sudden jerk, and first I knew I was dragged through the water in a way I did not understand at all. I was surrounded, too, by a great many fishes, who were not swimming, but struggling and plunging, and I wondered what could be happening to us all.

"Finally we were pulled on to the shore away from our beloved ocean, and I found that we were all caught in a fisherman's big net. Some men bent over us and began putting the fishes into baskets. While they were doing this, a gentleman came along and watched them. When he saw me, he said:

"Oh, there is a fine cowrie shell. I will buy it from you."

"He carried me away and put me in a glass tank filled with salt water, where there were some fishes and other shell animals.

"We went for a very long journey on a boat, and then I was moved to another glass tank in a big building where many people came to look at me. Some of these people said very silly things about me.

"Oh, where are its feet?" they asked.

"I don't believe it has any eyes."

"Just as if I didn't have two very sharp ones right on my tentacles where eyes belong.

"I was not so happy as I used to be in the ocean, and after awhile the little animal part



"I WISH IT WOULD TELL ME A STORY."

of me died, and the man took me out of the tank and put me in a box with some other shells. One day he gave me to his little sister. She loved me and played with me until she grew to be a big girl, and then she put me away in a box."

"Oh, was that my mamma?" asked Pearl.

"Yes," replied the shell, "and I am glad I have a new mistress. I get so homesick if I do not have a chance to tell about my ocean home."

Then Pearl hugged the shell just as if it had been a doll.

"Dear shell," she said, "I love to hear about the ocean, and, oh, I want so much to see it. I am going to ask mamma to take me this very summer, and, when I go, you shall go with me."

Pearl raised the shell to her ear again for its answer, but all she heard was the voice of the great ocean—calling, calling!

## In Grandpa's Woods.

Robin and Rosy were going nutting. They hung two big baskets on their arms, and went hop, skip, and jump all across grandpa's great pasture, and over the rail fence and into the cornfield, where the yellow pumpkins were comfortably sunning themselves among the feathery corn-shocks.

Whir! Up flew a great flock of blackbirds, flashing their scarlet wings in the bright blue sky. Robin guessed there were ten thousand, but they went so fast that he could not count them. Then they saw a little striped chipmunk running along the fence.

"And, oh, see!" cried Rosy. "Hasn't he got fat cheeks? Just look at them!"

"Know why?" said Robin. "He is carrying off a lot of grandpa's corn in his mouth."

"Never mind, there is plenty left," said Rosy.

They stopped at the foot of the great pine tree to watch a little bird in a blue coat and a white vest that was running along the trunk with his head downward. Now he flew to the tips of the branches where the pine cones hung, and picked out the seeds, and then he ran along the tree again and hid them carefully under the loose bark.

"I guess he is laying them up for winter,"

said Robin. "He is smarter than the other birds, isn't he?"

They watched the little nuthatch till he flew out of sight; then they climbed the fence,—just stopping to taste the wild grapes that were hanging from it, and to make faces because they were so sour,—and so found themselves in the woods at last.

"Just hush a minute!" said Rosy.

Rattle! rustle! All around them the ripe nuts were clattering down the bare branches of the hickories, and dropping plump into the heaps of dry leaves below.

How Robin did pelt the trees with sticks and stones! And how Rosy did scamper after the nuts that fell! And how they both laughed and chattered till they were out of breath!

After a while they sat down together on a log to rest and look around. The sunshine streamed through the golden and crimson leaves of the maples, and Rosy thought they looked like the great windows in church. She could hear the squirrels calling and chirping to each other all through the woods; they were going nutting, too.

"What can that little hole be up yonder?" said Robin, drumming with his fist on the side of an old hollow oak. "I am going to find out."

So he climbed up and ran his hand into it.

"Nuts! Hickory nuts!" he shouted. "Enough to fill both our baskets! I can reach my arm 'way down in them. Just hold my basket, Rosy!"

Down rattled a handful of large, sound nuts into the basket, and then another and another.

"It's a squirrel's nest," said Robin. "He didn't know he was getting nuts for us, did he?"

"It isn't stealing," Robin went on, tossing down a double handful, "'cause—well, 'cause it isn't."

"Of course not," said Rosy. But she looked a little doubtful.

"Say, Robin," she burst out at last.

"Well?"

"What is that squirrel going to eat all winter?"

"Oh, he can find more nuts," said Robin.

"But perhaps he can't get so many again," said Rosy. "And if he hasn't enough to last all winter, and if he should wake up awfully hungry about Christmas time—oh, dear!"

"It is kind of mean," said Robin, after a little pause. "Let's put them all back."

So they poured the nuts into the hollow tree again, and Robin slid down to the ground.

Then they went back to their work. While they were looking up into the hickory branches they spied a little gray squirrel, with a tail like an ostrich plume, running along over their heads. He leaped prettily from one tree to another, bending down the slender boughs of the hemlocks almost to the ground, till at last he landed on the old oak and whisked gayly into the little hole which was the front door of his house.

The children looked at each other and smiled.

"I am glad that he didn't find his pantry empty: aren't you, Robin?" said Rosy.—*The Youth's Companion.*

*He who is virtuous is wise;  
And he who is wise is good;  
And he who is good is happy.*

KING ALFRED'S MAXIM.



*The greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been a hero.*  
GEORGE ELIOT.

### The Tuckerman Associates.

Did you ever hear of Joseph Tuckerman? He was a Unitarian minister who lived a long time ago in Boston, and gave his life to helping the poor. His name always makes those who know about him think of the good things that might be done and resolve to do them.

Some time last summer the president of the Sunday School Society proposed that the men and women, and even the boys and girls, of our Unitarian churches and Sunday schools should join themselves together in an association named after Joseph Tuckerman. A good many people have already enrolled themselves as Tuckerman Associates. This means that they have sent their names to the President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, with a promise that they will give themselves with all earnestness to doing good.

A Tuckerman Associate may work in whatever way he finds it possible to be of service. Some are teachers, some help the poor, some merely try to be kind to every one they meet; but a Tuckerman Associate who has caught the spirit of the movement feels himself to be consecrated again to helpfulness and also to be a brother or sister of a large number of other people who have the same spirit.

Last summer, at the Sunday School Institute at Meadville, a number of those who were present joined in a Meadville Circle of the Tuckerman Associates and decided that whatever each one of them might do separately, they should, as a circle, work together to help the children in India to get a little better education. There are a great many children in that country who do not have the school advantages that we have, but who could get them at a very slight expense if they had help. Would it not be a good plan for some of our Sunday-school classes to work together to provide the little money that will be necessary to educate some boy or girl in that far-away land?

In a future number of *The Beacon* you will be told how much it costs to do this kind of work and just how you might proceed to give this help. In the mean time, let the readers of our paper be thinking about it and making up their minds what they will do.

Those who do not undertake this work can carry out the same spirit in other ways. Classes can organize to do things for their own school or church or town, or boys and girls working separately can resolve to be kinder in the home, more thoughtful toward old people and sick people, more attentive to their lessons and their duties, and in every way try to carry their part of the common burden of life.

The spirit of the Tuckerman Associates is, therefore, simply the Christ spirit, the spirit of brotherly love and good-will. Whoever has this spirit is ready to be a member of the Tuckerman Associates and is a helper and a blessing to those with whom he comes in contact. It is not hard to do right: it is the simplest, easiest, and happiest of all ways to live. Very small children cannot think of others or do for them, but, as we get to be a little older, we should turn our thoughts to helping those about us.

*Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try  
If we then, too, can be such men as he!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

For *The Beacon*.

### Lost in the Woods.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once upon a time, many years ago, when this country of ours was mostly covered with great forests, two men were lost in the woods. After journeying for a long time, they realized that they had lost their way.

The forest was very thick. The trees were so close together that it was impossible to see for any distance ahead. It was not possible to even see the sun through the thick shade of leaves.

After wondering for a while what they would do, one man decided that he would follow the trails once more, and trust to them to lead him out. These were faint paths that showed where other men had traveled through the woods before. It was very natural that one should suppose that they would lead one out into the open clearing.

So he started off along the trail, following one for a while, and then following another that crossed the one he was on. For hours he walked on and on, but only got deeper into the woods. And, when evening came, he was still hopelessly lost.

But the other man knew how foolish it would be just to follow a trail made by somebody else, and who had very likely been lost himself when he made it. Besides he had tried following them, and had not been able to find his way out.

So instead of doing as the other man decided to do, he paid no attention to the trails that led here and there through the woods. He looked about him for the tallest tree upon the highest part of the woods near him.

Choosing one that seemed taller than the others, he left his load at the foot, and began to climb. It was hard work, but he managed at last to reach the topmost branches. Then he looked out over the forest, and saw, away in the distance, the open clearing that meant home and safety.

Fixing the direction in his mind, he descended, and then walked in the direction in which the clearing lay. After going for some time, he became confused once more, and again he climbed the highest tree he could find, and once more he saw the direction in which he must go.

And so he kept on, climbing and walking, until at last, just as the sun was setting and the darkness was creeping over the forest, he came out at the clearing, and was home and safe.

These two men are just like two kinds of people who are trying to find the truth in two different ways. Perhaps, if we know what they are, we shall be able to find the truth better ourselves.

Some men are following the trails of other people's thoughts concerning truth. They are following this one and that, and they are almost sure to get lost.

We are all of us wandering in the forest of ignorance. None of us can see very far ahead. There is so much that we do not know. And we are all trying to find our way out into the clearing of truth and safety.

But others think for themselves. They rise just as high as they can in their own thought, catch a glimpse of the ideal, and then go in its direction. And this is the only way to find the way out of the forest of ignorance.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA VI.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 2, 3, 10, 14, 1, is a part of the body.

My 5, 7, 10, 9, 13, is to arrange cloth.

My 10, 5, 4, 14, 3, is to worship.

My 1, 7, 6, 9, 13, is a figure of speech.

My 4, 7, 5, 8, 14, is "heaven's first law."

My 2, 13, 11, 6, is a courageous person.

My 2, 16, 7, 12, is to listen.

My *whole* is the name of a noted Unitarian.

W. J.

### ENIGMA VII.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 21, 17, 1, 16, is a useful little creature in the garden.

My 5, 17, 28, 14, is sacred.

My 29, 10, 28, 28, 19, 4, is a color.

My 3, 13, 23, 1, 18, is fear.

My 8, 19, 27, 28, is another name for earth.

My 8, 24, 2, 16, is found at the seashore.

My 26, 22, 25, 12, 24, 18, is useful in sewing.

My 11, 15, 20, 28, is worn over the face.

My 11, 9, 7, 15, 13, is a man at twenty-one.

My 3, 6, 21, 12, is an Oriental fruit.

My *whole* is found in the Epistles.

MAY ALDEN.

### THINGS WE NEVER SEE.

A sheet from the bed of a —,

A tongue from the mouth of a —,

A toe from the foot of a —,

And a page from the volume of —,

A wink from the eye of a —,

A nail from the finger of —,

A plume from the wing of an —,

And a drink at the bar of a —,

A hair from the head of a —,

A bite from the teeth of a —,

A race on the course of —,

And a joint from the limb of the —,

A check that is drawn on a sand —,

Some fruit from the jamb of a —.

Selected.

### FLOWER DIAGONAL.

1 . . . .

. . 2 . . . .

. . . . 3 . . . .

. . . . 4 . .

. . . . 5

Cross-words.

1. A railway station.

2. A current of air.

3. To charm.

4. A sunshade.

5. Joyous.

The diagonal, reading down, is a flower.

Selected.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 2.

ENIGMA I. William I. Lawrance.

ENIGMA II. Birds of a feather flock together.

ENIGMA III. Casabianca.

NUTS TO CRACK.—1. Peanut. 2. Coconut. 3.

Walnut. 4. Acorn. 5. Brazil-nut. 6. Chestnut. 7.

Pig-nut. 8. Hickory-nut. 9. Hazel-nut. 10. Filbert.

CROSS-WORD CHARADE.—Scarlet Fever.

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